July 30th 1703.

Advertiſement from the Conduit in *Cheapſide.*

On this Spot of Ground the Statue of our Late Glorious King William, *was deſign'd to be ſet up, as does appear by Propoſals Printed ſome time ſince, to which ſeveral Eminent and Worthy Perſons would have Contributed, but were prevented in ſuch their Grateful Reſolutions: And this Day, in the ſame Place, Mr.* Daniel de Foe *is ordered to ſtand in the Pillory, who is the Author of the following Verſes, taken out of* The True-Born-Engliſhman, *and* The Mock Mourners.

SAtyr be ſilent, awfully prepare.
Britannia's Song, and *William*'s Praiſe to hear:
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearſe
Her Greateſt Vows in her Immortal Verſe.
Loud Fames Eternal Trumpet let her ſound;
Liſten ye diſtant Poles and endleſs Round.
May the ſtrong Blaſt the Welcome News convey
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit fly.
To *Neighb'ring Worlds*, if ſuch there be, relate
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.
To diſtant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearſe;
For Spirits, without the help of Voice, Converſe.
May Angels hear the gladſome News on high,
Mix'd with their everlaſting Symphony:
And Hell it ſelf ſtand in Suſpenſe to know,
Whether it be the Fatal Blaſt or no.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I ſound,
And Heroes with Immortal Honours Crown'd.
Fame Built on ſolid Vertue ſwifter flies,
Than Morning Light can ſpread my Eaſtern-Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And Loud Repeating Thunders force it round:
Eccbos return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos Dream't on't in Eternal Sleep:
Time hands it forward to its lateſt Urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return,
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long,
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue.
My Heroe with the Sails of Honour Furl'd,
Riſes like the great Genius *of the World;*
By Fate and Fame wiſely prepar'd to be,
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory:
He ſpreads the Wings of Vertue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory Fans 'em on.
Immortal Trophies Dwell upon his Brow,
Freſh as the Garlands he has won but now.
By different Steps the high Aſcent he gains,
And differently the high Aſcent maintains.
Princes for Pride, and Luſt of Rule *make War;*
And ſtruggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some Fight for Fame and ſome for Victory;
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to ſet Free.
Then ſeek Phraſe his Titles *to conceal,*
And hide with Words what Actions muſt reveal.
No Parallel from Hebrew *Stories take,*
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No Borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam;
But Names and things directly I Proclaim,
'Tis honeſt Merit does his Glory raiſe,
Whom that Exalts let no Man fear to Praiſe:
Of ſuch a Subject no Man need be ſhy;
Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery.
He needs no Character but his own Fame,
Nor any Flatt'ring Titles, but his Name:
William's *the Name that's ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue:*
William's *the Darling Subject of my Song.*
Liſten, ye Virgins, to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances Hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover and a King.'
May he ſubmit to none but to your Arms;
Nor never be ſubdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your ſoft thoughts for him be all Sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.
May he be firſt in ev'ry Morning thought,
And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r, when he's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry Boding Dream
Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name:
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And Guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May every chearful Glaſs, as it goes down,
To William's *Health*, be Cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Choruſt with his Name,
And Muſick pay a Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet Tune his Artful Verſe,
And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rehearſe.
And may Apollo *never more Inſpire*
The Diſobedient Bard *with his Seraphick Fire.*
Poſterity, when Hiſtories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, *What Giant's that?*
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
Its real Merit does it ſelf undo,
Men Talk it up ſo high it can't be true:
So *William*'s Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preſerve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll Reviſe,
As Legends of Impoſſibilities.
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for him to do, and them to hear.
With what Uneaſineſs he wore the Crown,
What thankleſs Devil had the Land Poſſeſt;
This will be more Prodigious than the reſt.
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inſpire,
And raiſe the Glory of his Actions higher.
They'll be aſham'd their Anceſtors to own,
And ſtrive their Father's Follies to Atone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raiſe,
And Crown his Memory with *Thanks* and *Praiſe.*
Thou, Satyr, ſhalt the grateful Few rehearſe,
And ſolve the Nation's Credit in thy Verſe;
Embalm his Name with Characters of Praiſe,
His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raiſe.
From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
And make his laſting Character their School.
For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
Has nothing now to do but Imitate.
Let Dying Parents when they come to Bleſs,
Wiſh to their Children only his Succeſs.
Here their Inſtructions very well may end,
William's Example only recommend,
And leave the Youth his Hiſtory t' attend.
But we have here an Ignominious Crowd,
That Boaſt their Native Birth, and *Engliſh* Blood.
Whoſe Breaſts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now Rejoice, when all the Nations Mourn:
Their awkward *Triumphs* openly they Sing,
Inſult the Aſhes of their Injur'd King;
Rejoice at the Diſaſters of his *Crown*;
And Drink the Horſe's Health that threw him down.
Bluſh, Satyr, when ſuch *Crimes* we muſt Reveal,
And draw a ſilent *Curtain* to conceal.
Actions ſo Vile ſhall ne'er debauch our Song,
Let Heaven alone, tho' Juſtice ſuffers long,
Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands may ſhow
That She is certain, tho' She may be ſlow.